

The Old-Fashioned Boy

"CAN'T figure out what's become of all the unsophisticated boys, or are there any of them left at all," said a man who, though well under 60, is a noted figure in the railroad world. "The lads that we meet up with nowadays are so marvellous wise, finished, up-to-the-minute, that I never cease to wonder where and how they pick it all up."

"I've got a houseful of growing boys myself, and I declare that they are a great deal cleverer than I am. Things that still divert and entertain me have long since become a bore to them."

"And I am quite certain that any imposter could fool me, right now, a great deal easier than he could any of those boys. They appear to know all of the kinks. Nowadays, in fact, boys know so blamed much that I gravely doubt if they have as much fun during their youth, and especially during their early manhood, as the boys of my generation did."

"I fell to thinking of all this when I took on a few extra young men—most of them under 25—in my office the other day. They were well groomed lads, held themselves well, looked alive and alert and seemed to be smarter than steel traps. The sight of them caused me to think what a Rube of a boy I was

when I took my first job—and it was with the same railroad that I am still connected with by the way."

"I was 15 and small for my age. I was born and brought up in a little Indiana town."

"When I was a bit over 12 I made up my mind to be a shorthand writer. I peddled newspapers and did odd chores class twice a week in Terre Haute. I got the money to attend a shorthand school in my neighborhood for about six hours a day and bamboozled all of the boys in my neighborhood to dictate to me when I got to the point where I could take dictation."

"In just one year I was an expert stenographer—not only an amanuensis stenographer, but able to take speeches. Yet I was about as uncouth a yap of a country boy as ever you heard tell of."

"My mother had a relative who was auditor for a railroad that had its headquarters in Omaha. She wrote to this relative that she had a boy who was an expert stenographer and typewriter and who wanted a job."

"The auditor didn't remember how old I was, if he ever knew, and my mother didn't tell him in her letter. He wrote to her to send me along to Omaha and he would put me to work in the railroad's Omaha offices. He enclosed a letter for me to present to the railroad's agent in Chicago to enable me to get transportation from Chicago to Omaha."

"Well, when I left the little Indiana town for Chicago I had exactly \$30.25 in a huge wallet that had belonged to my father. I kept it inside my shirt. The money was what remained of my own savings as news and chore boy. I had, besides, one of those big, old fashioned, black glazed bags, which contained all of my clothes and other possessions, and one of those extremely heavy typewriters of that period."

"The train was late in making Chicago, and it was after office hours when I arrived there. My idea was to get that transportation from Chicago to Omaha, and go right through."

"So I started to lug my big black glazed bag and the exceedingly heavy typewriter through the Chicago streets to the office of the railroad agent to whom I had the letter calling for transportation. I was, as I say, only a small boy, and the things were so blamed heavy that I had to drop 'em about every half-square and rest up."

"After about an hour, however, I reached the railroad office. It was then 7 o'clock at night, and the agent, of course, had gone home. The janitor of the building gave me his house address."

"I determined to start for his house immediately. But I had no idea of taking a street car to reach his house. The reason for this was that I was afraid to show my money or to break a bill."

"I had spent my odd change for food on the way to Chicago and I had six

55 bills left. Nothing in the world would have induced me to expose the wallet containing them on a Chicago street car."

"So I walked to the agent's house, which was away over to the south side of Chicago. It makes my arms ache even now to think of that journey. It took me four hours to get to the house and four hours to get back. I had to drop the heavy bag and the typewriter three or four times in each block."

"It was 11 o'clock at night when I pulled the doorknob of the railroad agent's house, and the wooden paved street was as quiet as death. I thought it would be all right to pull the doorknob at that hour—didn't know any better."

"I rang for ten minutes before the agent poked his head out of a second-story window and gruffly asked what was wanted. I told him."

"G'way, boy," growled the agent. "What the dickens do you mean by ringing me up in the middle of the night on such an excuse? Come to my office in the morning and I'll look at your letter."

"And so there was nothing for me to do but to pick up those two heavy burdens and walk downtown again. I didn't know where to go, but I wanted to get where the lights were."

"It was nearly 3 o'clock in the morning when I got downtown again. What with fatigue and sleepiness, I was just about able to stand up, and that was all."

"I was also pretty lonesome for home."

I was decidedly sorry that I had ever learned to be a shorthand writer. I thought of my cozy bed at home, and then I dropped by black glazed bag and sat on it and blubbered."

"It was thus engaged when a huge figure of a uniformed man—I didn't know it then, but he was one of those watchmen who used to patrol the Chicago streets at night—swung by me, carrying a lantern. He saw me and heard my suppressed blubbering."

"Hey, what's the trouble, son?" he asked me in a kindly sort of way.

"I told him."

"Oh, that's nothing to cry about, bubby," said the big man with the lantern. "All you've got to do is to go to a hotel—I can direct you to a cheap one—and get some sleep. You've got the price of a bed, haven't you?"

"That's just what I'm afraid of," I replied. "I've got so much money with me that I'm afraid to go to a hotel—I'm afraid I'll be robbed."

"O, small chance of that, son," said the big watchman, good naturedly. "The place I'll take you to is all right. Come along. I'll pack your gear—great Scott, this is heavy truck for a little chap like you to be carrying!" and the fine fellow picked up by black glazed bag and the typewriter and led the way around the corner to one of the few remaining places with lights still going."

"A decent looking young fellow was behind the hotel desk."

"Jack," said the watchman to the hotel clerk, "here's a lad I've found who wants a night's lodging. He was afraid to go to a hotel, for the reason that he has a great deal of money on his person, and he doesn't want to be rolled, of course. Better have the boy hand you the money to put in the safe, if it's so much."

"Well, I don't care to be responsible for a large sum of money," said the hotel night clerk, looking at me in a wondering sort of way. "How much is it?"

"It's \$30, sir," I replied.

"No, neither of them laughed. They were thoroughly decent fellows, and so they didn't laugh. I don't doubt, however, looking back, that they both wanted to laugh. They merely exchanged amused glances."

"Oh, well, I wouldn't mind assuming that responsibility, son," said the hotel clerk. "Let's have the money."

"I was a bit doubtful about it even then; but the clerk's honest, kindly countenance reassured me, and I dug the wallet out of its hiding place and handed it over to him. He stuffed it into one of those old fashioned key safes."

"The watchman shook hands with me and bade me a bluff good night. I never saw him again, but he was a decent man."

"The hotel clerk gave me a nice, clean room. I slept like a top all the rest of the night and for a part of the day."

"The day clerk handed my money over to me after taking 50 cents out for my night's lodging. I saw the railroad agent,

who laughed over my waking him up, and I went on to Omaha, to amaze my auditor relative with my dimwitiveness, my queer country kid make up, and, not least, my ability to write shorthand faster than he could talk."

"But I certainly was, at that age, a thousand years behind my own boys in sophistication, even if I was making my own living, which they aren't."—New York Sun.

How She Keeps Young.

(Philadelphia Bulletin.)

She eats three warm meals at regular hours.

She sleeps eight hours, and as often as possible two of them before midnight.

She takes fifteen quiet minutes in a darkened room after luncheon.

She begins each day with a cold bath, followed by a glass of cold or hot water.

She is careful to spend at least a half-hour every day in the open air.

She never rides where she can walk the distance comfortably.

She doesn't waste her vitality in superfluous and energetic talking.

She is neither self-centered nor family-centered, but has a few fresh outside interests to keep her alive and thoughtful.

She never lets herself moan over the past, nor worry about the future, but makes the best of the present and keeps sweet and cheerful.

Before Inventory CLEARANCE SALE

Next Tuesday Morning, December 27th,
COMMENCES OUR GREAT END-OF-THE-SEASON CLEARANCE SALE IN THE Z. C. M. I.

.....Cloak and Suit Department.....

No lengthy argument will be required to convince our friends of the genuineness of this great sale, as almost everybody knows what a Z. C. M. I. Clearance Sale means. We commence taking inventory next week, and we never carry one season's goods over to the next, hence--

ALL LADIES' TAILORED SUITS HALF PRICE.

\$12.00 Suits for	\$6.00	\$22.50 Suits for	\$11.25	\$37.50 Suits for	\$18.75	\$50.00 Suits for	\$25.00
15.00 Suits for	7.50	25.00 Suits for	12.50	40.00 Suits for	20.00	55.00 Suits for	27.50
16.50 Suits for	8.25	30.00 Suits for	15.00	42.50 Suits for	21.25	60.00 Suits for	30.00
20.00 Suits for	\$10.00	35.00 Suits for	17.50	45.00 Suits for	22.50	75.00 Suits for	37.50

And so on up the line to \$125.00 Suit for \$62.50. (Alterations Extra.)

Our Entire Line of WAISTS Will Be Sold Like This--

(Silks, Flannels, Batistes, Mohairs, and All.)

\$1.50 Waists for	\$1.00	\$4.50 Waists for	\$3.00
\$2.00 Waists for	\$1.35	\$5.00 Waists for	\$3.35
\$2.25 Waists for	\$1.50	\$6.00 Waists for	\$4.00
\$2.50 Waists for	\$1.65	\$7.50 Waists for	\$5.00
\$2.75 Waists for	\$1.85	\$8.50 Waists for	\$5.65
\$3.00 Waists for	\$2.00	\$9.00 Waists for	\$6.00
\$3.50 Waists for	\$2.35	\$10.00 Waists for	\$6.65
\$4.00 Waists for	\$2.65	\$12.50 Waists for	\$8.35

Our Entire Line of Dress Skirts, in cloths and chevots, Half Price.

\$7.50 Skirts	\$3.75	\$12.50 Skirts	\$6.25
\$8.50 Skirts	\$4.25	\$13.50 Skirts	\$6.75
\$9.00 Skirts	\$4.50	\$15.00 Skirts	\$7.50
\$10.00 Skirts	\$5.00	\$17.50 Skirts	\$8.75

(ALTERATIONS EXTRA.)

Entire Line Fine Black

DRESS SKIRTS

Comprising Silks, Voiles and Cloths, HALF PRICE.

\$12.00 Skirts	\$6.00
15.00 Skirts	7.50
17.50 Skirts	8.75
20.00 Skirts	10.00
25.00 Skirts	12.50
30.00 Skirts	15.00
35.00 Skirts	17.50
40.00 Skirts	20.00
45.00 Skirts	22.50
50.00 Skirts	25.00
55.00 Skirts	27.50
75.00 Skirts	37.50

All Rain Coats Cravenettes and Ulsters Half Price

All Fine Dress Coats and Evening Coats Half Price

All Children's Dresses, All Cashmere and Flannel Wrappers; All Fancy Silk and Lace Tea Gowns; All Flannelette House Sacques - - HALF PRICE

All Walking Skirts, Furs, Wrappers, Dressing Sacques, Bath Robes, Sweaters, Children's Coats, Shawls, Petticoats, Silk Underskirts, - - ONE-THIRD OFF

All Ladies' 3/4 Coats, in Coverts and Men's Wear Mixtures and Black Kerseys, - - ONE-THIRD OFF

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(Alterations Extra.)

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In 26 to 32-inch lengths in blacks, browns, blues, tans and castors; \$7.50 to \$30.00 goods—

Half Price

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...Department Store...